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Battle song of
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BATTLE SONG

OF THE

“Black Horsemen.”

AIR—“DIXIE.”

We have come from the brave Southwest,
On fiery steeds, with throbbing breast,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah in Dixie's land!
With sabre flashing, rifle true,
The Northern ranks we will cut through!

Then hurrah for old Virginia!
We'll fight for old Virginia boys!
We'll die for old Virginia boys!
Hurrah for old Virginia!

We've come from the snow clad-mountains,
And the land of the purest fountains,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah in Dixie's land!
Our sweethearts and our wives conjure us,
Not to leave a foe before us!
Then hurrah for old Virginia, &c.

Our silken banner waves on high,
And we will fight and win or die;
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah in Dixie's land!
Our gray-haired sires sternly say,
That we must die or win the day!
Then hurrah for old Virginia, &c.

On the 21st, 'twixt sun and sun,
We made the boasting Yankees run,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah in Dixie's land!
I tell you it was glorious fun,
To see their rout toward Arlington!
Then hurrah for old Virginia, &c.

And now we'll march on Washington,
With Louisiana's gallant son,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah in Dixie's land!
And drive old Abe with all his band
Beyond the bounds of Maryland!

* Battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861.

WINCHESTER, VA. Oct., 1861.

C.



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